

## The Tragedie of Hamlet

As any the most vulgar thing to sence,  
Why should we in our peeuiſh opposition  
Take it to heart, ſie, tis a fault to heauen,  
A fault againſt the dead, a fault to nature,  
To reaſon moſt abſurd, whoſe common theme  
Is death of fathers, and who ſtill hath cryed  
From the firſt courſe, till he that died to day  
This muſt be ſo: we pray you throw to earth  
This vnpreuailing woe, and thinke of vs  
As of a father, for let the World take note  
You are the moſt immediate to our throne,  
And with no leſſe nobilitie of loue  
Then that which deareſt father beares his ſonne,  
Doe I impart toward you for your intent,  
In going backe to ſchoole to *Wittenberg*,  
It is moſt retrograd to our deſire,  
And we beſeech you bend you to remaine  
Heere in the cheare and comfort of our eie,  
Our chiefeſt Courtier, Couſin, and our ſonne.

*Qu.* Let not thy mother looſe her prayers *Hamlet*,  
I pray thee ſtay with vs, goe not to *Wittenberg*.

*Ham.* I ſhall in all my beſt obey you Madam.

*King.* Why, tis a louing and a faire reply,  
Be as our ſelfe in *Denmarke*, Madam come,  
This gentle and vnforc'd accord of *Hamlet*  
Sits ſmiling to my heart, in grace whereof,  
No iocond health that *Denmarke* drinks to day,  
But the great Canon to the cloudes ſhall tell,  
And the Kings rowſe the Heauen ſhal brute againe,  
Reſpeaking earthly thunder; come away. *Flouriſh. Exeunt all.*

*Ham.* O that this too too ſallied fleſh would melt, but *Hamlet*.  
Thaw and reſolue it ſelfe into a dew,  
Or that the euerlaſting had not fixt  
His Cannon gainſt ſcale ſlaughter, O God, God,  
How wary, ſtale, flat, and vnprofitable  
Seeme to me all the vſes of this World?  
Fie on't, ah ſie, tis an vnweeded Garden,  
That growes to ſeed, things ranke & groſſe in nature,  
Poſſeſſe it meeſely that it ſhould come thus

But

## Prince of Denmarke.

But two moneths dead, nay not ſo much, not two,  
So excellent a King, that was to this  
Hyperion to a Satyre, ſo louing to my mother,  
That he might not bereeme the winds of Heauen  
Viſit her face too roughly: heauen and earth  
Muſt I remember, why ſhe ſhould hang on him  
As if increaſe of appetite had growne  
By what it fed on, and yet within a moneth,  
Let me not thinke on't; frailtie thy name is woman  
A little month. Or ere thoſe ſhooes were old  
With which ſhe followed my poore fathers bodie  
Like *Niobe* all teares, why ſhee  
O God! a beaſt that wants diſcourſe of reaſon  
Would haue mourn'd longer, married with my Vncle,  
My fathers brother, but no more like my father  
Then I to *Hercules*, within a moneth,  
Ere yet the ſalt of moſt vnrighteous teares  
Had left the ſuſhing in her gauled eies  
She married Oh! moſt wicked ſpeed; to poſt  
With ſuch dexteritie to inceſtious ſheets,  
It is not, nor it cannot come to good,  
But breake my heart for I muſt hold my tongue.

*Enter Horatio, Marcellus and Bernardo.*

*Hora.* Haile to your Lordſhip.

(ſelfe.

*Ham.* I am glad to ſee you well; *Horatio*, or I doe forget my

*Hora.* The ſame my Lord, and your poore ſeruant euer.

*Ham.* Sir my good friend, Ile change that name with you,  
And what make you from *Wittenberg*, *Horatio*?

*Marcellus.*

*Mar.* My good Lord.

*Ham.* I am very glad to ſee you (good euen ſir)  
But what in faith make you from *Wittenberg*?

*Hora.* A truant diſpoſition good my Lord.

*Ham.* I would not heare your enemy ſay ſo,  
Nor ſhall you doe my eare that violence

To make it truſter of your owne report

Againſt your ſelfe, I know you are no truant,

But what is your affaire in *Elſonore*?

Weele teach you ſor to drinke ere you depart.

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*Horat.*